AN ODE

Upon the Ninth of JANUARY 169$\frac{3}{4}$

THE FIRST

SECULAR DAY

SINCE THE

UNIVERSITY

OF

DUBLIN'S FOUNDATION

BY

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

By Mr. *TATE*.

GReat Parent Hail! all Hail to Thee,
Who haſt from laſt Diſtreſs ſurviv'd,
To ſee this joyful Year arriv'd;
Thy Muſes Second JUBILEE.

Another Century commencing
No Decay in Thee can trace;
Time with his own Laws diſpencing,
Adds new Charms to ev'ry Grace,
That adorn'd thy Youthful Face.

After War's, Alarms repeated,
And a Circling Age compleated,
Vig'rous Offspring thou doſt raiſe;
Such as to *JUVERNA*'s praiſe;
Shall *LIFFEE* make as proud a Name,
As that of *ISIS* or of *CAM*.

Awful Matron take thy Seat,
To Celebrate this Feſtivall;
The Learn'd Aſſembly well to Treat
Bleſt *ELIZA*'s Days recall.
The Wonders of HER Reign recount
In Songs that Mortal Streins ſurmount:
Songs for *PHÆBUS* to repeat.

SHE was the firſt who did inſpire,
And ſtrung the mute *HIBERNIAN* Lyre;
Whoſe deathleſs Memory
(The Soul of Harmony)
Still animates the Vocal Quire.

Succeeding Princes next recite:
With never dying Verſe requite
Thoſe Favours they did ſhow'r;
'Tis that alone can do 'em right
To ſave 'em from Oblivion's Night
Is only in the Muſes pow'r.

But chiefly Recommend to Fame,
MARIA and Great *WILLIAM*'s Name;
For ſurely no *HIBERNIAN* Muſe
(Whoſe Iſle to Him, Her freedom owes)
Can Her Reſtorer's Praiſe Refuſe,
While *BOYN* or *SHANON* flows.

Thy Royal Patrons ſung; Repair
To Illuſtrious *ORMOND*'s Tomb:
As, Living, He made Thee His Care,
Give Him, next thy *CÆSARS*, Room.

Then a Second *ORMOND*'s Story
Let aſtoniſht Fame recite;
But ſhe'll wrong the Hero's Glory,
Till with equal Flame ſhe write
To that which He diſplays in Fight.

CHORUS.

With Themes like theſe ye Sons of Art
Treat this Auſpicious Day;
To Bribe the Minutes as they part,
Thoſe Bleſſings to bequeath, that may
Long, long rem, ain Your Kindneſs to repay.

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